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CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

A view of the History, Literature, and Religion, of the Hindoos: including a minute description of their Manners and Customs. Illustrated with Engravings. By the Rev. William Ward, D. D. late Missionary at Serampore. From the second Edition, carefully abridged, and greatly improved.

We set aside this volume with the view to an extended critical notice, but finding it rather dull, and fearing that our readers would make the same discovery, we determined to subject them to but few observations of our own, and content ourselves with still fewer extracts from the most interesting passages. The work is very far from being, as it purports to be, a history of this ancient and very interesting people. It is, in fact no history whatsoever. It is little more than a rambling note book of the author, filled out with facts gathered from other narratives, or from oral relations, many of which, on the face of them, appear like all other facts gathered in this manner, the dull invention of idle men, to palm upon the gullible and believing.

A book of this kind, should be and might be made, very interesting. Where the ancient history of a country is involved in obscurity, it is better we should know nothing about its vulgar traditions. All Barbarians are descended from Gods of some kind or other, if we are to believe themselves; and the shortest and least fatiguing way in such cases, is briefly to say, 'the Hindoos, a race of savages claiming origin from Vishnoo and Shivu, &c, the only true God, &c;' then to pass on to the facts, the dull history as it is correctly ascertained. This proper mode of historical writing saves a wonderful deal of trouble, both to the writer and reader.

The former in inventing, the latter in combatting or believing, lies. It will not then be necessary that we should hear that 'the earth is circular and flat, like the flower of the water-lily, in which the plates project beyond each other,' that its circumference is 4,000,000,000 of miles, nor that Mount Soomeroo, contains the 'heavens of Vishnoo, Shivu, Indru' and a host of other Gods. One piece of information, however may be highly valuable to a large portion of some communities. The Hindoo geographers have found among others, the following Seas, viz: 'The sea of Sugar-cane Juice, the sea of *Spirituuous Liquors*, the sea of Clarified Butter, the sea of Curds, the sea of Milk, and a sea of Sweet water.' No wonder the Reverend gentlemen who wrote this book is quite enamored of the country he has been dwelling in, since it furnishes so many rich and luxurious (*Sees*) seas. Touching the sea of Liquor, it must have been calculated to float a land of drunkards; probably it is intended for the passage of spirits. We have heard of a citizen of our own State, who indulged himself in dreams, in which he imagined himself a vast trunk through which the Edisto river passed, it having been previously changed by some benevolent Genii into Jamaica Rum. But his fancy was but a river's size, a sea of grog is certainly a most magnificent sea.

The author of this work has devoted to a preliminary treatise, upon the ancient traditions and customs of this people as recorded by their poets and romancers, at least 60 dull pages. He has speculated and theorized until we were so fatigued that after cutting the twentieth page, we stopped and resolutely refused to go any further, so leaving the author in the very

foundation of his introduction, we skipped nimbly over to page 65 where his history commences, and after taking many rests, we pursued our way to the conclusion, not in the slightest degree sorry when we found ourselves at that land of promise.

We shall make no regular analysis of this work; in fact it would be impossible to do so. It is a sad jumble of lumber, with here and there a passage of interest. Some of these we shall extract, and after bestowing, where we do so, an occasional comment, we shall leave the flat-headed people to the undisturbed enjoyment of their six seas of Cane Juice, Rum, Butter, Curds, Milk and Water.

What will our fair readers say to the following description of a Hindoo beauty. An immediate and wonderful reform in some of our systems should be the consequence of a perusal, particularly when the great age of this people as a nation, might well sanction their authority in matters of such importance as dress and carriage.

'The following account of the person of Sharuda, the daughter of Brumha, translated from the Shivu Pooranu, may serve as a just description of a perfect Hindoo beauty: This girl was of a yellow color; had a nose like the flower of the sesamum; her legs were taper like the plantain tree; her eyes large, like the principal leaf of the lotus; her eye-brows extended to her ears; her lips were red, like the young leaves of the mango tree; her face was like the full moon; her voice like the sound of the cuckoo; her arms reached to her knees; her throat was like that of a pigeon; her loins narrow, like those of a lion; her hair hung in curls down to her feet; her teeth were like the seeds of the pomegranate; and her gait like that of a drunken elephant or a goose.'

This latter characteristic of beauty in the carriage of the fair one, is certainly new. Think of a beautiful flat nosed, depressed foreheaded, brownish fair lady, covered with a hat *a la navarino*, waddling along like a drunken elephant or goose.

The uses to which a man's toes may be put, who has lost his hands, are shown in the following passage. The toe is not made use of with us, possibly we have not always enough for the hands to do, and seldom so much more, that it would be hardly profitable to educate the ten supernumeraries in any new duties.

'It is remarkable, to what excellent uses the toes are applied in this country. In England, it is hard to say whether they are of any use whatsoever. A man could certainly walk and ride without them; and these are the principal purposes to which the feet are applied in Europe. But here the toes are second-hand fingers: they are called the 'feet fingers' in Bengaloo. In his own house, a Hindoo makes use of them to fashion the clog to his feet by means of a button which slips between the two middle toes. The tailor if he does not thread the needle, certainly twists his thread with them; the cook holds his knife with his toes while he cuts fish, vegetables, &c; the joiner, the weaver, &c, could not do without them, and almost every native has twenty different uses for the toes. It is true, I have heard of a maimed sailor in England writing with his toes, which is rather more than what I have seen done in this country, but yet, this is only another proof of what might be done, even with the toes, if necessity should arise, to make us set our toes as well as our wits to work.'

The author says, page 125, 'In their forms of address, the Hindoos must be ranked among the politest nations,' and to prove his assertion, among other things, he says 'to a man whom the Hindoo wishes to praise,' he says '*you are the father and mother of Bramhuns, cows and women.*' What a connexion! strange politeness indeed. Their charities of opinion and good will extend to the veriest minutiae, for instance:—

'When a Hindoo sneezes, any person who may be present, says, 'Live,' and the sneezer adds, 'With you.' When he gapes, the gaper snaps his thumb and finger, and repeats the name of some god, as Ramu! Ramu! If he should neglect this, he commits a sin as great as the murder of a bramhun. When a person falls, a spectator says, 'Get up.' If he should not say this, he commits a great sin.'

The following picture may serve to give us a better and more perfect idea of this people, than any of the most elaborate disquisitions of the author. It is by these simple narrations that we come to understand the character of a nation.

'As the boat glides along, drawn by our boatmen, we perceive the corn in full growth on both sides of the river—proof of the care of Him on whom all the

creatures wait; and, if imagination could supply a pleasing variety of hill and dale, and some green hawthorn hedges, we might fancy ourselves passing through the open fields in our own country; and the ascending larks, the reapers cutting corn, and the boy driving the herd to graze in some corner of the field, might keep up, for a moment, the pleasing illusion.'

'Here, men, women and children are bathing together, the men uniting idolatrous rites with their ablutions, the women washing their long hair with mud, and the children gamboling in the water, with all the gaiety of the finny tribes which surround them: we next pass by some men sitting on the bank, with their rods and lines, and others in their boats with their nets, fishing; and we no sooner pass these, but we are amused by the sight of an open ferry-boat, crowded with passengers till they almost sit upon one another; the slightest loss of the balance would immediately compel them to seek the shore as they might be able; and, gliding along the water's edge, comes a man in the trunk of a tree, hollowed out in the form of a canoe: he sits at his ease, his oar is at the same time his rudder, and this he moves with his leg, for both his hands are engaged in holding the hooka to his head while he smokes.'

'As we approach another village, we see a man washing clothes, by dipping them in the river, and beating them on a slanting board; a bramhun sits on the brink, now washing his poita, now making a clay image of the lingu for worship, and now pouring out libations to his deceased ancestors. Near the spot where this man sits on his hams to worship, lies a greasy pillow, a water pot, the ashes of a funeral pile, and the bedstead of a man whose body has just been burnt: how suitable a place for worship, with such monuments of mortality before him would this be, if the bramhun knew the immediate consequences of death, and if there was any thing in the Hindoo forms of worship at all calculated to prepare the mind for the dissolution of the body! In one place we see dogs, crows and vultures devouring a human body, which had floated to the shore; and in another several relations are in the act of burning a corpse, the smell of which, entering the boat, is peculiarly offensive; yet this does not prevent the people of our boat

from eating a very hearty meal on the grass, in the immediate vicinity of the funeral pile.'

'The serious business of the village appears to be transacted by the oil-man, driving his bullock, round to crush the seed; by the distiller; by the shop-keeper, who exposes to sale, sweetmeats, oil, spices, wood, betel, tobacco, &c, and by two scolds, proclaiming all the secrets of their families; but, though spent with fury, they never come to blows.'

The following specimens of their poetry are given; they seem to us, to resemble very much the Turkish, as given in the notes to some of Byron's works and many of Montague's Letters.

By a disappointed Worshiper; addressed to Doorga.
O unmerciful daughter of the mountain,
To what extent, O Ma! wilt thou shew thy father's
qualities;

O Ma! thou art the wife of the easily pleased
(Shivu);

Thou art merciful—the destroyer of fear—

Thy name is Tara, why art thou then so cruel to
thy disciples

O Ma! Thou bindest my mind with the cord of
delusion, and givest sorrow.

Being a mother, how canst thou be so cruel!

Looking with thy compassionate eyes, give wisdom
and holiness to thy forlorn (one);

Loosing me from the bonds of this world, save.

Another, by a forsaken Mistress.

In this unlawful love my heart is burnt to ashes;

Sweet is the mouth, but hollow like a cucumber.

Giving me the moon in my hand, only sorrow
surrounds me.

As the end approaches, sorrow increases; seeing
and hearing, I am become deranged.

Chorus. In this unlawful love, &c.

Another, by a Lover to his Mistress.

Why, full of wrath, do you not examine?

Why my beloved, do you dishonor me?

If you are out of my sight for one minute,

I die of grief; I consider this minute one hundred
yoogus.

As the bird Chatuku sips no water but that of the
clouds,

And without this water dies—so am I towards thee

Chorus. Why, full of wrath, &c.

Bramha, which the author writes Brumha, is thus described.

'Possessed of innumerable heads, innumerable eyes, innumerable feet, Brumha fills the heavens and the earth; he is whatever was, whatever will be; he is separate from all; in this separate state he exists in a three-fold form above the universe, the fourth part is transfused through the world: he is, therefore, called the Great Being; his command is as the water of life: he is the source of universal motion; he is not separate from the universe; he is the light of the moon, of the fire, of the lightning, and

of all that shines; the vedu is the breath of his nostrils; the primary elements are his sight; the agitation of human affairs is his laughter; his sleep is the destruction of the universe; in different forms he cherishes the creature, as, in form of fire, he digests their food; in the form of air, he preserves them in existence; in the form of water, he satisfies them; in the form of the sun, he assists them in the affairs of life? in that of the moon he refreshes them with sleep; the progression of time, forms his footsteps; all the gods are to him as sparks from fire. In the form of fire, he cherishes the gods; therefore I bow to Him, who is the universe; to the gods who dwell in heaven, I bow; to the gods who dwell in space, I bow; to the gods on earth, I bow; to the regent of waters, I bow; to the gods who guard the regions, I bow.'

The following extracts from their poetry will give an idea of the extravagance of their metaphor, they beat Charles Phillips hollow.

Your glory so far exceeds the splendor of the sun, that his service is no longer necessary—
Shree Hurshu.

If there had been no spots in the moon, his face might perhaps have borne a comparison with thine (addressing a beautiful person.) *Hunomana*

That person has discharged his arrow with such force, that even thought cannot pursue it.—*Vyasu.*
Compared with thy wealth, O Mandhata! Koo-veru, the god of riches is starving.—*Vyasu.*

Thy beauty and modesty resemble the lightning in the heavens—now flashing and now passing away.—*Bhuru-bhotee.*

This (a beautiful female) is not a human form: it is a Chundru (the Moon) fallen to the earth through the fears of the dragon.—*Soobundhoo.*

The fall of this (great man) is as if Indru had fallen from heaven.—*Kalce-Dasu.*

There is much poetry in the following:

Spring.

The winds from Mulayu bring on their wings the fragrance of the cloves—the humming of the bees, and the sweet voice of the cuckoo, are heard in the thickets of the grove—the fresh leaves of the tumalu send forth a fragrance resembling musk—the flowers of the Butea frondosa resemble the nails of Cupid covered with the hearts' blood of unfortunate lovers; the flower of the punnagu resembles the sceptre of Cupid, and the bees sitting on the flower of that most fragrant pandanus, his quiver. Krishnu, at this season, plays his gambols, but the widow and widower endure the severest misery.—*Juyu-Devu.*

The following proverbs, with which we conclude, are a part of a long chapter entirely devoted to them in this work, and are surpassed by no proverbs under the sun. Our reader will agree with us, that some of these strong maxims should be always the companions of mortality.

'The heart of an excellent man resembles the cocoa-nut' which, though hard without, contains refreshing water and delicious food within. The vicious resemble the jujube, which is soft without, but hard (a stone) within.'

'We call him aged who has lived many years; but the wise man is still older than he; let the words of such an one be heard with reverence.'

'The truly great are calm in danger, merciful in prosperity, eloquent in the assembly, courageous in war, and anxious for fame.'

'Of all precious things, knowledge is the most valuable; other riches may be stolen, or diminished by expenditure, but knowledge is immortal, the greater the expenditure, the greater the increase; it can be shared with none, and it defies the power of the chief.'

'Do not lay up excessive riches. Riches amount to just as much as is bestowed in gifts or enjoyed; the rest goes to others.'

'The elephant, the lion, and the wise man, seek their safety in flight; but the crow, the deer, and the coward, die in their nest.'

'A good man's friendship continues till death, while his anger endures but for a moment.'

'She deserves the name of wife, who can manage her family affairs, who is the mother of sons, and whose affections are placed exclusively on her husband.'

'Idleness, excessive attachment to the sex, disease, attachment to country or place, fearfulness, want of self-confidence, and blind trust in the gods, prevent a person's rising to greatness, and justly expose him to contempt.'

'Let not the accidental faults of a real friend interrupt your friendship; the body, though it may contain sores, cannot be abandoned; and fire though it may have burned down your house, is still necessary.'

We cannot recommend this book, although there is a great deal of good matter in it. It is dull, and might have been otherwise; difficult to master, when it might have been made useful. To a person who has nothing to do and finds his own company tiresome, we recommend it as a proper book. If he gets through it, he will acquire habits of industry, which, to such a man, is fortune, wife, family, health and friends. What more can he require or we give him?

Third Report of the South Carolina Domestic Missionary Society, &c. Printed June 5th, 1827.

Sacred be that divine impulse which warms the heart into the performance of noble and disinterested actions. It is the spirit and impress of Deity which enables us to rise superior to our fallen conditions. It is that benign influence which subjects the passions, that spirit of mercy which plants Islands in the stormy ocean of Life, upon which the weary wanderer may repose and gather fresh vigor in the pursuit of his onward course. It is grateful sometimes to turn aside from the considerations of self, and to contemplate these majestic edifices reared by benevolence for the melioration of the condition of humanity.

Charity involves in its signification many virtues, every one imagines that he comprehends, but few can compass its meaning. It does not simply consist in giving Alms to the poor: this may be done without one spark of benevolent feeling; benevolence does not fully express its signification, for it is not only necessary for us to wish well but we must be actively engaged in doing well to be entitled charitable. We must be liberal in our sentiments and actions, and our liberality must flow from the purest of all possible motives. The charitable man must be a just man, and not give under the impulse of feeling, that which is not in reality his own, to feed the poor. But of all the virtues which adorn the character of a man of charitable feelings, mercy stands pre-eminent. We mean that kind of mercy which, while we are from justice compelled to condemn the fault of another, induces us to weep rather than triumph over his "fallen fortunes."

"We all do need forgiveness."

This feeling of commiseration though it commences with our fellow creatures, must not end there. It is extended even to the brute creation.

"The man who heedlessly sets foot upon a worm, may step aside and let the reptile live." We always suspect the motives of that man, however charitable he may appear, who is capable of an unmerciful act to man or beast. The age in which we live has been characterized by its activity in the promotion of every good work. But few possess the true principle of charity, few entertain that universal love for all God's creatures, as not only to wish them no harm, but even to do them good.

This remark is peculiarly applicable in regard to religionists. Instead of uniting to promote one object, the promulgation of religion, we have seen one set of Christians angrily arrayed against another, and most unchristian feelings displayed in their conduct. The progress of religion has been materially impeded by these sectarian feelings. Instead of all denominations uniting to make men Christians, they appear only anxious to forward their peculiar tenets; and it is considered more a matter of triumph to obtain a proselyte than to make a Christian. The South Carolina Domestic Missionary Society, however, is not liable to this objection, it is composed of members taken from various denominations, whose object it is to promote Religion and morality in our own state. We are, generally, too diffuse in our objects, and lavish upon the Hindoo and the Indian, those funds which might be more advantageously employed at home. From what has been observed, the reader will perceive that we are favorably disposed towards this association in general, there is, however, one article in their constitution against which we must be allowed to enter our protest. The prevalence of error does not constitute it virtue, and while the weak mind shrinks from the painful task of investigating it, the man of firmness convinced that his cause is just, his motives pure, will fearlessly pursue the work of reformation. It is only by fair and candid investigation that we can arrive at truth. We allude to the 11th Article of their constitution, which reads thus:—

'Any person may become a member of this Society, by paying into the hands of the Treasurer annually, Five Dollars, or a Life member by paying at one time Fifty Dollars, and an *honorary Vice-President*, by paying at one time *One Hundred Dollars*, and such Vice-President may sit and vote in the Board.'

We entertain the highest respect for the Gentlemen composing this society, and are satisfied that the subject could not have presented itself to their minds in the same light in which we view it, or they would never have adopted it.

Here we are plainly told that for the paltry sum of One Hundred Dollars, *any person* may become an 'Honorary Vice-President' of one of the most respectable societies in our community; not only so, he may sit and vote in the Board. In our re-

publican country honors have always been held as the reward of virtue; here we are taught that it can be purchased with Gold. Is it not, in fact, establishing a kind of aristocracy, when we put it beyond the power of a *virtuous poor man*, to acquire honors which *any person* who is capable of paying the amount, may enjoy for \$ 100.

In the inimitable sermon of our Saviour on the mount we have the following striking passages, 'take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in Heaven; therefore when thou doest thine alms do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men, verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.'

We are led to conclude from this plain declaration of scripture, that every thing like ostentation is to be avoided in the distribution of our charities, and yet we see every day the names of individuals published in our newspapers as donors of certain amounts to certain societies. Does this not virtually amount to 'sounding a trumpet before them?' Is it consistent with the express command of scripture, 'let not thy right know what thy left hand doeth?' Is not this plan calculated to produce an immoral tendency inasmuch as it appeals directly to one of the worst passions of our nature, *Pride*? If we ask why it is resorted to? we are told from policy, upon the same principle, money dishonestly obtained may be applied to charitable purposes, because *politic*. The object of creating Life Members, Honorary Vice-Presidents, as well as publishing a list of Donors is with a view to raising money, and there can be no doubt but that individuals often subscribe to gratify their pride or to increase their popularity.

What idea can we have of the Deity to suppose that such offerings can be acceptable to him? We are told that were it not for this plan, not more than one half of the money would be raised: from this concession we infer that one half of the money bestowed upon charitable objects, is given from improper motives; for the man who is influenced by the true principle of charity needs no such incentive.

Above all, if we believe in the superintending power of providence, God is of himself able to raise up means for the promotion of every good, wherefore then the necessity of flattering the vanity of the proud man to open his purse. We conceive that although in politics, a province may be given up to save the state, in medicine limb lopped off to save the body, yet the laws of religion and morality are inflexibly written, *never to do wrong*.

Specimens of the Russian Poets with Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices. Translated by John Bowring, F. L. S. Boston, pp. 240, Cummings and Hilliard, 1822.

Whether it be that the Poems it contains, clothed as they are in the neatness and simplicity of dress in which they appear, never mounting very high, nor falling very low, but preserving with singular chasteness throughout, a calm and even subdued tone, whether we be particularly pleased with their brevity, no common thing in these book making days, or the novelty of the design, we can with truth say that seldom have we passed through, rising two hundred pages, with more pleasure, certainly with less fatigue, than we experienced in the perusal of the small volume, the title of which stands at the head of this article.

Mr Bowring has prefixed to his 'selections' a short and well written introduction, in which he informs us, that it was his original intention to have written a general history of Russian Literature, but which design he afterwards abandoned, partially with a view to the present undertaking. The idea, however, as thrown out by him, that 'he has not wholly abandoned it,' and which we earnestly hope, may again recur to his mind, must be indeed cheering to all those whose dispositions lead them to seek, to enlarge their sources of knowledge, and who have the taste to relish beauties in style, language or sentiment, it matters not in what country, or under what form of government they may appear; like the precious metals, they have their intrinsic value, and will be appreciated in all civilized portions of the globe.

Nothing then can be better calculated to aid the cause of science, of literature, or the arts, as indeed, nothing can be more interesting, to refined minds, than similar efforts on the part of well informed and

discreet individuals to draw out, as it were, of countries hitherto retarded in the common march of intellect, from political circumstances or causes, those immortal evidences of the real character and intelligence of their citizens, and which appear through the writings of their distinguished men. And when from such sources, we perceive coming forth better things than we could have hoped for or expected, we are the more disposed to dwell upon them with increased and increasing pleasure, notwithstanding our grave astonishment at the singular circumstances under which they are produced.

Such of our readers who have not looked much into the subject of Russian Literature, will be indeed surprised to find, as 'contrasted with the almost universal ignorance which pervaded the immense empire of the Tzars before Peter the great gave it the first impulse towards civilization,' such things as parallels instituted between the Fabulist's of Russia and the delightful La Fontaine, to hear Bogdanovich stiled the Russian Anacreon, and Khersonida (an oriental epic) compared with Lalla Rookh. To learn too of translations of Homer and Herodotus, as well as versions of Ossian and histories of the country, which have already found their way into several European translations. These things, together with some brief selections which we shall lay before the reader, will unquestionably show that although in the language of our author, millions in this vast Empire 'are not yet removed from the uncivilized and brutish state in which they were left by the Ruriks and the Valdimirs of other times' yet all is not utter darkness and ignorance, and that the genius alone, of one of their Poets Derzhavin, will be sufficient to rescue his country from that severe reproach, if any be bold enough to make it, which is so often urged against the birth place of Pindar, Hesiod, Epaminondas and Plutarch.

From some critical remarks by the friend of Mr Bowring, Von Adelung, we have gathered some facts which we present to our readers in the shape of a Biographical sketch of the Russian Bard, according to his translator, entitled to the first place among the poets of his country.

'Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin was born at Kasan on the 3d of July, 1743. The elements of his education he acquired in the house of his parents, which he af-

terwards finished in the imperial gymnasium. He soon exhibited something of a mathematical genius, and was promoted for his excellent description of the Bulgarian Ruins, on the banks of the Wolga. In 1774 he was actively engaged as lieutenant in the corps sent to reduce Pugachev, where he is said to have been much distinguished by his prudence and ability. In 1784 he was made a counsellor of state, and in 1791, was appointed to the office of secretary of state by the Empress Catherine the second; he afterwards became a senator, President of the College of Commerce, Public Cashier, and in 1802 Minister of Justice, when he retired to enjoy the fruits of his long and active labours. Notwithstanding the busy life he led for near thirty years, he found time to write himself into an enviable reputation with his countrymen. Amongst his most celebrated poetic compositions, are his ode to God; Felizia, the first poem which drew the public attention to him; the Waterfall, Autumn and the Anacreontic Songs. His poems were printed in four volumes in 1808. Among his prose works he published an address on the opening of the Tambor Public School, which was republished in Petersburg, and translated into several languages. We have no account of his death, and can therefore form no idea of the time or manner of this event.

The best specimens which we can select to exhibit the power of this poet are extracts from the first of Mr Bowring's 'selections' entitled 'God.*' From the lofty and sublime spirit which completely characterize it, its boldness and strength, the fine train of thought which seems to pervade it, as well as the beauty and smoothness of the poetry in which it is conveyed, the reader will be fully enabled to decide upon the truth or justness of our feeble tribute. We think the following every way worthy of its great subject.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,

* This is the poem of which Golovnin says in his narrative, that it has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. I learn from the periodicals, that an honour something similar, has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking.

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark :
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation :—all
Sprung forth from thee :—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin :—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround :
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.*

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them! Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

The invocation to glory in the Waterfall, is well conceived and beautifully executed; the moral it contains is worthy the consideration of all who strive to court the 'bubble reputation' under any circumstances, and at all hazards.

* The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow; and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow-hues, dazzle and weary the eye.

O glory! glory! mighty one on earth!
How justly imaged in this waterfall!
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright.

How many a wandering eye is turned to thee,
In admiration lost :—short-sighted men!
Thy furious wave gives no fertility;
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

O fairer, lovelier is the modest rill
Watering with steps, serene the field, the grove—
Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still,
As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no *thundering* torrent, but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes.

There is much delicacy of feeling and considerable harmony and felicity of expression in the song of Zhukovsky. The severest taste is not offended by any labored use of terms, or false and artificial ornament; nor do highly wrought metaphors divide the attention, or divert the mind from the purity and simplicity of the style. The language is easy and flowing, and our sensibilities are awakened, and our imaginations warmed by the undisguised nature it breathes. We do not think we should be wide of the mark if we compared this specimen with some of the most popular strains of a celebrated living Poet. We shall give it entire.

SAY, ye gentle breezes, say,
Round me why so gently breathing?
What impels thee, streamlet! wreathing?
Through the rocks thy silver way?

What awakens new-born joy,
Joy and hope thus sweetly mingled;
Say, has pilgrim spring enkindled
Rapture with her laughing eye?

Lo! heaven's temple, bright, serene,
Where the busy clouds are blending,
Sinking now, and now ascending,
Far behind the forest green!

Will the High, the Holy One
Veil youth's soul enrapturing vision?
Shall I hear in dreams elysian
Childhood's early, lovely tone?

See the restless swallow flies
Through the clouds—his own dominion;
Could I reach on hope's strong pinion,
Where that land of beauty lies!

O how sweet—how blest to be
Where heaven's shelter might protect me!
Who can lead me—who direct me
To that bright futurity?

We shall close our extracts from the *Æolus' Harp* of Zhukovsky. It has been

compared with Ossian's song of sorrow, and we think it not difficult to discover some resemblance.

With harp sweetly sounding,
He comes to the oak-tree—blest moments of love!

With peace all surrounding,
And the moon gently glimmering, and smiling
above.

What a temple for loving
For bosoms so bland!
And the waves, softly moving,
Convey their low music along the smooth strand.

They looked on the ocean;
With their soft pensive sadness it seemed to attune;
The waves' gentle motion
Was silvered and marked by the rays of the moon.
'How brightly, how fleetly
The waters roll on!
So swiftly, so sweetly
Come pleasure and love—they smile and are
gone.'

'Why sigh then, my fair one!
Though the waters may ebb and the years may
decay?

My beloved! my dear one!
Can time on its wings bear affection away?
To a bard unbefriended
O say, canst thou bow,
Thou, from monarchs descended,
And heroes, whom Morven is honoring now?

'What is honor or glory?
What garlands so sacred as love's holy wreath?
What hero-bright story
Has an utterance so sweet as affection's young
breath?
No fears shall confound us,
No sorrow, no gloom;
Joy is sparkling around us,
And let years follow years till life sinks in the
tomb.'

'Come, joys that smile o'er us,
Ye sweets of a moment, come hither and stay!
For who can assure us
They will not be scattered by morning's bright
ray?
For morn will not linger,
Nor rapture remain;
I, again a poor singer,
And thou, a bright queen in thy splendor again.'

Upon the whole we confess ourselves much gratified with 'Specimens of the Russian Poets.' The selections are alternately 'gay and grave,' lively and serene. Though sufficiently long to afford a general idea of the genius which may sometimes proceed from a region, not perhaps, quite as consonant with poetry and sentiment as an 'Italian sky,' are yet of a nature both to attract, and oftentimes, to rivet the attention of the reader of taste and curiosity.

To Mr Bowring, we must be permitted to say, that we entirely differ with him in the modest opinion he has expressed

'that his book is not likely to receive the indulgence it solicits,' we cannot but applaud the effort he has made to present to the general reader, those evidences of the true soul of poetry which appear in many parts of the volume before us, and which evidently go to prove that the literature of Russia is far in advance of what is erroneously entertained of it by many far less qualified to judge, than himself; we should indeed return him our thanks for the pains he has taken in his own language to exhibit in its different characteristics one branch of the infant literature of an extraordinary and powerful nation; to remove, in some degree, the too general ignorance which prevails in this country, as to the state of letters in the North of Europe, and to ascertain how far similar efforts to introduce to English readers the bards of other countries, who have as yet found no interpreter, would probably meet with encouragement.

—♦—
Edgehill: a Novel in two volumes. By a Virginian.

This looks well; the South is not asleep, merely dozing, perhaps; we hope her nap will shortly be concluded. We like to see Southern books, though rough and uncourtly in outside, and wanting in those meretricious aids and ornaments which are the prevailing characteristic of English and Northern publications; and too frequently the only beauty they possess. A new era is commencing in the South. We have been taunted by Englishmen and Northernmen, and no men at all, so frequently, that we have at length really come to taunt ourselves, and question our right to the high names of our ancestors. We begin to think it time to do something for our own rights and reputation, and as a first step to these objects, we have begun to think and encourage those who do so. Let the good work go on, and we shall not tremble for the result. Let us only think that future days will receive as an inheritance from the present, a set of *American Classics*, in which the North, East, West, all will have their representation but the South; and the niche which she should occupy, may be, (if we determine, not otherwise) like the monument of the decapitated Doge, all black, blank and barren.

We have skimmed over *Edgehill*, by a Virginian, not to review it. We dreaded the effects of our southern prejudices in

favor of a southern publication; but the journals generally, have already spoken a favorable doom and we are satisfied.

Let not this voice, however, satisfy the the author. He must *toil* nor be *'weary in his well doing'*, if he pursues his present vocation. An author should always be a discontented man. He should never rest satisfied with the honors already won, nor with the labors already over. Alps on Alps should continue to rise before him, and he should ever be told with a warning voice of stimulating encouragement, that *'Rome's beyond them.'*

Memoirs of a New England village Choir; with occasional Reflections. By a Member, pp. 149. Boston, S G Goodrich, & Co. 1829.

This is a very modest and engaging little volume, sweetly written, and with an air of unaffected artlessness that cannot fail to recommend it to every reader. There are no labored attempts to be fine; nothing artificial or extravagant; and a total absence of that strong, we had almost been tempted to say, that *ruffian* featurings, which appears to be so necessary to success, in all of our modern writings. Occasionally we meet with a delicate vein of humor, which is not less acceptable, because it comes with a slight shade of melancholy which sometimes heightens it into a sarcastic dryness. A gentle spirit is seen, however, to prevail over these occasional outbreaks of human nature, and a truly christian charity and forbearance adds to the grace and sweetness of the language. The gentleness and tolerance of the following extract we recommend to the reader generally; it will 'do him good, whatever be his denomination. We wish the world was better off in the kind of spirit by which it appears to have been dictated.

'And yet, when I remember how little we kept in view the main and real object of sacred music; when I think how much we sang to the praise and honor and glory of our inflated selves alone; when I reflect that the majority of us absolutely did not intend that any other ear in the universe should listen to our performances, save those of the admiring human audience below and around us; I am inclined to feel more shame and regret than pleasure at these youthful recollections, and must now be permitted to indulge for a few pages in a more serious strain.

'How large and dreadful is the account against numberless ostensible Christian worshippers in this respect! And how decisive might be the triumph of the Roman Catholics over Protestants, if they chose to urge it in this quarter! They might demand of us, what we have gained by greater simplicity and abstractness of forms. They might ask, whether it is not equally abominable in the sight of Jehovah, that music should be abused in his sanctuary, as that pictures and images should be perverted from their original design? For my part, I conscientiously think that there is more piety, more of the spirit of true religion, in the idolatry which kneels in mistaken, though heartfelt gratitude to a sculptured image, than in the deliberate mockery which sends up solemn sounds from thoughtless tongues. How often does what is called sacred music, administer only to the vanity of the performer and the gratification of the hearer, who thus, as it were, themselves inhale the incense which they are solemnly wafting, though they have full enough need that it should ascend and find favor for them with the Searcher of all Hearts!

'This is a rock of temptation which the Quakers have avoided; in dispensing with the inspiration of song, they at least shun its abuses; and if they really succeed in filling their hour with intense religious meditation and spiritual communion; if, from their still retreat, the waves of this boisterous world are excluded, and send thither no ripple; if no calculations of interest, and no sanguine plans are there prosecuted, and no hopes, no fears, nor regrets, nor triumphs, nor recollections, nor any other flowers that grow this side of the grave, are gathered and pressed to the bosom, on the margin of those quiet waters; if, in short, the very silence and vacancy of the scene are not too much for the feeble heart of man, which, if deprived of the stay of external things, will either fall back on itself, or else will rove to the world's end to expend its restless activity in a field of chaotic imaginations; if, I say, the Quakers are so happy to escape these perils, together with the seductions to vanity and self-gratification which music and preaching present, then must their worship, I think, be the purest of all worship, and their absence of exterior forms the very perfection of all forms. But, let me ask of thee, my heart, whether *thou* couldst fulfil the above severe conditions?'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

April.

April Month—it is the time
 When the merry birds do chime,
 Airy wood-notes, wild and free,
 In secluded bow'r and tree—
 Waking up in sunny gear
 The attendants of the year,
 Whatso'er they chance to be,
 In green dress and livery.
 Roving wind, whose rosy mouth
 Odour'd by the sunny south,
 Presses, as it onward flies,
 Beds of many luxuries.
 Skimming o'er, as it doth pass,
 Dewy pearls on bladed grass—
 Budding flow'rs that ope to gain
 Some sweet homage from his train,
 And, with blushing lips inclose
 Riches of Arabian rose.
 Season of fantastic change,
 Sweet, familiar, wild and strange—
 Time of promise, when the leaf,
 Has its tear, but not of grief—
 When the winds, by nature coy,
 Do both cold and heat alloy,
 Not to either, will dispense
 Their delighting preference—
 Season, when the earth puts forth
 All the wealth that she is worth,
 When the tree, all flush of fruit,
 Clothes himself in motley suit,
 And the waters, woods and sky
 Hear the summer's first born cry—
 Pleasant sound, that speaks of time
 When all nature's early prime
 Had no shadow, knew no chill,
 To o'ertop the sunny hill,
 Where kind spirits came to bless
 Young creation's loveliness!

April Month—what doth it bring
 In the promise of the spring—
 Rich profusion, not to pall
 But to bless and honor all!
 Fruits to tempt the urchin's eye
 To the summer drawing nigh,
 When with heart, whose beat is mirth
 Leaps he o'er the laughing earth—
 And his look is full of haste,
 And his lips speak fresher taste,
 And the smile of victory,
 Twinkles in his roguish eye—
 Looks he now, with spirit deep
 Where the mocker's young ones keep
 Happy to secure the spoil
 Meet reward for all his toil!

'Tis the season of the year
 When the fairies first appear,
 In the cowslip and the rose,
 Dancing ere their petals close,
 To the music of the breeze,
 Sweetest of all melodies,
 Neath the moon's ascending blaze
 That trims the forest with her rays,
 And in melancholy mood
 Silver-laces all the flood!
 Then they sport, and who but they
 Happy in such infant play,
 Tossing, in their random rout,
 Flow'rs, and leaves, and fruits about!
 Now upon a lily's breast

Seeming, in a mimic rest,
 One reposes, glad to be
 Absent from the company,
 For she there can dream of him
 Whose departure keeps her dim.—

'Tis by sentence of their king
 That until the Lily spring
 From the green and velvet ground,
 Her boy-lover must be bound
 In the bosom of a tree,
 Hidden from their harmony—
 Cruel Oberon, to part
 Sun and flow'r—heart and heart—
 But they soon shall meet again,
 For the gentle wind and rain
 Have been busy all the night
 Bringing summers train to light—
 And the fairy maid shall hear
 Dreamt of language in her ear.

Now she dreams that he is free
 Underneath the green bay tree,
 That beside her lifts his boughs,
 That receive the lover's vows—
 He so oft has heard them spoken
 And so often seen them broken,
 Much he wonders, men should give them—
 Women, credulous, believe them.
 She wakes, and joy is in her eye—
 On the ground she doth espy
 That same flow'r, whose first appearing,
 Brings to her the time of cheering—
 And she laughs, for by her side
 Stands he in his boyish pride—
 And the happy people round,
 Glad to see the boy unbound,
 Leap in glad festivity
 From green bush and budding tree!
 Now upon a moon beam riding,
 With the star of eve abiding
 They attend her single motion,
 As she passes o'er the ocean—
 Bent for hidden islands, where
 Mortal barks can never steer—
 All is rapture in their flight
 Melody and speaking light.
 There they gather, void of care,
 To the happy world, so near,
 Glowing heaven, leaping sea
 Thoughts of untouched harmony!
 Many a shell is wound to night,
 Many a mermaid's bow'r is bright,
 As her lover leaps to sight,
 On a moonbeam, in a flow'r
 Leaping to her sea wrought bow'r.
 In the wild and witching hour
 Stars are filled with newer pow'r,
 Heavenly odour in the show'r!
 Happy race! that may explore
 Sounding sea and hidden shore—
 Fill the sky with leaping forms
 Win from stars, and suns, and storms—
 Who so happy in the sky
 And its home of purity—
 Who so happy in the air
 With the sad heart-music there—
 Who that skims the ocean—dwells
 Mid the notes of thousand shells—
 Far beyond the storm-God's pow'r
 In the wave-wash'd coral bow'r—
 As the race, thus let to pierce
 All the secret universe—
 And, before the time is given,

Win the happiness of heaven !
 April Month ! throughout the year
 What with thee, can well compare,
 Where the day whose dewy sweetness,
 And the night whose touching fleetness,
 And the sky whose purer splendor,
 And the flow'r whose petal tender,
 Charming howsoe'er they be,
 April Month ! can mate with thee.

—
Stanzas.

O Time ! O Saturn ! ye are much the same
 Ye both devour your own progeny ;
 And wisdom's self if but a sounding name
 That lives perhaps thro' half a century !
 When, mark ! the oracle grows trite and tame ;
 The man returns to second infancy :
 Thus all the grand Napoleons of youth,
 Subside to something soberer than truth.

Where is Napoleon, and what is he now ?
 Thunders his cannon 'neath the Pyramid,
 Or neighs his war steed 'mid the Alpine snow
 Where floats his banner, Moscow or Madrid,
 Along the Pyrenean or the Po ?
 Approach the Isle, and lift the mouldring lid
 Of the imperial coffin, and behold
 A lesson twice two thousand ages old !

Yet is it learned ? God knows how other men
 May think or feel, but for my own poor part,
 There are some truths I would not learn again,
 Nor *can*—alas ! the teacher was the heart,
 That growing old, the effort were in vain !
 And we must have recourse at last to art :
 Instructions o'er—or if to those who feel,
 One lesson still remains, tis to conceal.

'Tis a hard task, and we recoil at first
 From the cold caution of the selfish breast,
 Children of the mind, the more they're nurst,
 Thoughts grow the nearer to their place of rest,
 If it be rest—and tho' the heart should burst,
 That agony must still be self-confest :
 Nor prayer hath exorcised, nor priest hath
 shrived
 A mind resolved to perish as it lived.

Tho' pompous folly may adorn the bier,
 And hollow mourners gather in the train
 Of him whom still they hate, but cease to fear ;
 The accustomed crowd, who still play o'er again
 The self same farce in each succeeding year,
 Or month, or week, (the pleasure 'physic's pain')
 What tho' with crab like gait they track the
 hearse,
 The dead bequeathes them his contempt or curse.

Wretches who lie, succumb, or, meanly brave,
 Foam the loud calumny from door to door ;
 Kind gentle friends, who if they do not save
 Or spare your feelings, show their love the more ;
 Behold the host who gather 'round the grave,
 Zealous to serve when all your wants are o'er !
 What tho' a prison or a poison kill,
 They bury you—and that is something still.

W.

—
Morning in the Forest.

The forest hath a sweet and mournful tale
 In its green foliage and whispering breeze,
 That, sighing with a wild, unearthly gale,
 Maketh soft music with the tall old trees ;

A solemn blending of the passing hour
 With gentle themes and accents of strange pow'r.
 And morning comes among them with a still
 And gliding mystery on the breaking grey,
 Of the fresh east ; and the low murmuring rill
 Is strongest heard as ushering in the day,
 Who, mounted on his chariot of fire,
 Makes the tall forest glow with many a burning
 spire.

This is a spot, if there hath ever been,
 As ancient ballads tell in legends sooth,
 Such forms as are not earthly, earthward seen,
 With shapes of light and terms of endless youth
 Then do I ween that this should be the spot
 Where they should come—and yet I see them not !

And fancy hath been with me, to deceive
 The sterner reason of my sense, and show
 To youthful expectation, forms that live
 But in the fairy land of eld, I trow
 For here they come not, tho' I have bow'd down,
 From ev'ning till the grey eyed morn came on.

And sure no fitter spot had fairy sought
 To practice her light gambol in, the grass—
 Glowing like gorgeous carpetry inwrought
 Doth the poor hands of humble art surpass—
 Nature hath sure been lab'ring here to spread
 Meet couch and purple for poetic bed.

And I will lay me down—and if there come
 No fairy to delight me with her song,
 There is a marvel in the retiring gloom
 That will in miser-fancy's thought prolong
 A spiritual presence, far abroad—
 His works are round me, I have been with God.

—
Loneliness.

All silent is the dwelling now,
 Where pleasant voices rung :
 And gone to waste, the pleasant bow'r,
 Where tended garlands hung,
 And mute and motionless is all
 That once was full of speech—
 Alas ! how much of human wo,
 Does this one lesson teach.

How many hopes have here been crush'd,
 As innocent as dear—
 How many smiling eyes been taught,
 The language of a tear ;
 And dreams of early, rich delight,
 Like specks upon the waste
 Have only come to cheat the sight
 While they defraud the taste.

When thus I stand and look around,
 On scenes so lately gay,
 And call to mind the happy tones,
 I heard but yesterday,
 How can I else, than feel how poor,
 Is human happiness,
 And feel that he has most in store,
 Who thinks that he has less.

So many gentle spirits gone,
 And kind hearts, kindlier known,
 Like summer flow'rs that just exhaled,
 Are faded, dead and gone,
 That came like winds upon the night,
 To woo us with a breath
 Then sink away in quietude
 Into the halls of death !

GENERAL MISCELLANY.*The Influence of Example.*

The influence of example has brought upon mankind perhaps more real evils than the infraction of any law, moral or divine. Directly to this source may be traced the ruin of empires; the sacrifice of life; the loss of happiness; the ravages of disease, and indeed a train of miseries scarcely less appalling than the inroads of pestilence and famine; and altho' these consequences are not always immediately discernible to ordinary observation, but on the contrary, for the most part very *remote*, yet it is, nevertheless, true to a certain extent, that for this very reason the quantum of injury in the end is vastly increased. A moment's reflection ought to convince us, that all inordinate and immoderate desires must be destructive to peace and tranquility. "Poor and *content* is rich enough;" yet we look in vain amongst the great majority of mankind for the least *practical* acquiescence in this just and wise sentiment, such is the influence of example; such the passion for imitation, that it is impossible for any of us to say, "Thus far will I go, and no farther." We are insensibly led on from one degree of extravagance to another, until we find after many trials, and some lessons of experience, that all the simplicity of our former lives is changed to the pains and anxieties of fashion, which never leave us, until we are confirmed in the ruin of our best hopes, our most flattering prospects.

Unless we revert to the original condition of the species, to that pure state of nature, in which mankind were placed previous to the encroachments of society, we cannot fairly estimate the amount of injury produced by the too free indulgence of immoderate desires; then it was that luxury was wholly unknown; the incitement to intemperance of all kinds, was not apprehended, because the purity and simplicity of the pastoral life were well calculated to control the worse passions and to keep down those dangerous dispositions which inevitably lead to vice, and all its ruinous consequences. Yet how different is the aspect of things in the present state of society; how completely have the great body of mankind become victims to artificial and unnatural wants; the progress of this species of *refinement*, as it is sometimes *miscalled*, has been so slow, and so gradual, that to

those whose lives and manners have been changed by it, it is scarcely perceptible; the truth is, it is so concealed by the character of the times, so encouraged by thousands who share its influence, that few, very few, have the time or the disposition to reflect upon those dangers, which like the "tainted gale," carry death and desolation, unseen and unheard.

Let us, however, pause for a moment, and ask ourselves these questions: How are the lives of those of the present generation regulated? Are they dictated by prudence, discretion and wisdom? Do they so manage their temporal concerns, as not to merit the charge of "coveting their neighbor's goods, their houses, their lands," or in one word, their *luxuries*? We cannot withhold the true answer to these questions, though, as we shall presently discover, it must tend to convict many of us, who at this instant flatter ourselves with the idea that we escape censure, because we think we do not merit observation.

The great error with many is, that they suppose to covet their neighbor's goods, means to seek after those particular possessions which glitter before them and convert them to their own use; and therefore, they imagine, that unless they commit fraud upon others they are perfectly at liberty to desire as much as they please. Nothing can be more false and groundless than this. Those who desire to possess, will, without direct fraud, realize their wishes in some way or other; there are such things we know as *false* capitals, credits, loans; and the man who is weak enough to plunge himself into scenes and situations of life far above his resources, becomes from that instant an enemy to himself and a traitor to his family; he gradually though effectually paves the way to his own ruin, and deceives those about him, who have a strong title to all his exertions and all his care. Experience has frequently tested the truth of this; nothing is more common, and yet nothing is more fatal, than this tendency in the human character; and it is the more to be deplored, when we see that wisdom and education, virtue and honor, have not been able to eradicate it from some who have lived under its influence, and died in its disgrace. Of what importance is it, (as regards the ultimate consequences) to you or I, whether

we abstain from seizing by force, the wealth of this or that man, if at the same time we sacrifice the well-being of those under our protection by idle and extravagant excesses? Are we the less culpable, the less criminal, if we follow the example of our neighbor, in boundless scenes of extravagance, at the expense of common justice and common honesty? It is not, then, any one or two cases of fraud to which we allude, but to a dangerous disposition in most of us, to do like others, and to think like others, which is only seen in the utter ruin of at least one-fifth of every civilized community.

We almost daily learn of the sudden and untimely end of many, by the sin of self-destruction, and because of the great enormity of the offence, these self-murderers, or suicides, are *charitably* supposed to have labored under mental alienation. But what is the true answer to the common question on such occasions? "He sunk under the weight of his peculiar misfortunes!" Is it, then, a "mind diseased" which induces so many of our fellow creatures, thus fearlessly and foolishly to place themselves, uncalled for, before the tribunal of Heaven "with all their imperfections on their heads?" Or is it not rather from a previous life of splendor and fashion, or from the wanton indulgence of desires unbecoming their circumstances, or station in life, that, unable to bear the frowns of fortune, and the contumely of the world, they have sought death as the last and only resort for disturbed peace and distracted spirits.

* * * * *

Why is it too, that some of the fairest characters in society abridge their lives, and degrade and debase their intellects by the use of ardent spirits, to an excess little short of active poison in its deleterious and fatal effects? Why do we hear of the deserted wife, and abandoned father; the poor and pitiless creature, who with one hand, stakes the happiness of his family, and with the other the value of a few shillings? Or the being who in cold blood murders his fellow, and is only *honorably* satisfied if his blood streams before him! Why also are the temples of justice stained with crime, or the walls of a prison designated as the abode of the vile of all sexes and denominations? Are not all these striking instances, of the baleful effects of that greedy spirit which will not permit us to rest in peace and humility,

but which urges on, from one step to another until ruin and misery is the reward of a life spent in catching shadows, and tormenting ourselves with the paltry reflection, that *our neighbor's robes shine brighter than ours.*

It is melancholy to observe by what slow degrees men move on to the heights of glory, then tumble headlong to the ground! they are seen for a long period ascending the ladder of fame step by step, they are observed by the casual spectator to take the utmost precaution in their march to eminence and renown, and he is sometimes amazed to discover so much consistency and such untiring perseverance in the pursuit; yet it is no uncommon thing to see them outlive their best hopes, their highest prospects; driven too far by the glare which dazzles them, they sink back to their former state, and begin to regret their past course, when they have discovered to their cost, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

— "O place! O form!

How often dost thou with thy *care*, thy *habit*,
Wrench awe from *fools* and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming?"

The pursuit of wealth is also attended with similar results. It is a remarkable fact in the history of man, that he is said never to be satisfied with his gains, even though they exceed by far what his most sanguine expectations could hope to realize; surely this feeling is not natural to us; surely there is no charm in the possession of gold which can produce so much restless dissatisfaction and disquiet. If we did not, from experience, see its influence and power in the hands of others, and over the opinions, and actions, and lives of the great majority of the world, could we not imagine it any thing but the source of pain and perpetual anxiety.— Strange that though "it severs us only when we part with it," yet for its mere value,

— "Like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains."

And notwithstanding all our efforts to obtain it, do we not perceive at once, that the uses to which it is put, are many times false and artificial? Yet it is nevertheless true, that in common with the rest of mankind, we gradually come to believe that the uses are *not* improper or

artificial; but on the contrary highly important and necessary; nay almost essential to our individual happiness. Such is the dangerous influence of example, and the insatiable desire we have to covet our neighbor's possessions.

That there is a remedy for this great and growing evil can no more be doubtful than that by the aid of reason and reflection, we may subdue our worst passions, and conquer our most pernicious propensities. Education alone must be regarded as this remedy—as, indeed it should be, of all bad habits and unreasonable desires; not however that sort of education which is confined to public seminaries or private schools, but *the eye of the parent*; the constant and untiring endeavors of those whose sacred honor, and whose solemn obligations, call upon them to discharge in good faith, the great duties they have assumed before God and man. Nor are these duties to be discharged by rules of conduct dictated with mildness or severity; they can only be enforced by the influence of *good example*; by the practice of humility, temperance, patience and forbearance. The example of one parent who dares to be *just* before he is generous, either to *himself* or others, will tend more effectually to improve and advance the moral condition of youth, than all the rules and regulations of the wisest philosophers. Nothing is so destructive to the morals of youth, as the *effect* of practical proofs of the unsoundness or absurdity of any theory. If parents instil into the minds of their children good morals and act badly themselves, the result will be that as they grow to maturity their hearts will be vicious while their minds will be well stored with a full knowledge of all the means of being better. And common as is this error on the part of parents, to the man of observation it can excite no surprise; how can it be expected of the young and thoughtless, so to appreciate and abide by abstract rules of conduct, as readily to yield to their influence, in the teeth of the most pernicious examples.—It should likewise always be remembered, that the externals of vice are really more light and captivating, than the intrinsic merits of virtue; for vice is too often adorned with garlands and decorated with richness and splendor, while virtue is clothed in robes of purest simplicity. To lead then the youthful aspirant to the paths of virtue and truth, it is not

enough that he should be told that this is right, and that is wrong; he should be taught practically. The parent should be upright, and the child will gradually perceive the benefits which result from integrity. If children inherit the habits and peculiarities of their parents, why should they not share their virtues or become victims to their vices? Why should they resort to rules of ethics, when the book of nature is before them. It is the remark of a great civilian that the certainty of punishment has more effect upon mankind than the severest of laws, and it is precisely so with the force of example. What is constantly before us, and altogether exposed to our daily observation, is at once implanted in our very nature, and becomes, as it were, a part of ourselves; but what we are to learn at second hand, may or may not be regarded, just as we are disposed or indisposed to embrace it. Let it then be the business, as it is the duty of parents to turn aside their children from that fatal influence the result of bad examples, which, as we have seen, is so dangerous in its results, and which will, with many, so certainly lead to the seat of all vice and infamy; and if they would hope effectually to succeed, let them study to convince the young and the giddy that *true* felicity consists not in outward appearances, but in *tranquillity* of mind, and *subdued* passions.

Grecian Architecture.

‘The inventor of any style of architecture, says Sir George Mackenzie, ‘felt certain proportions and dimensions to be better calculated to excite emotions of pleasure, than all others.’ This, we think, is assuming a great deal too much. The taste of the artist who constructed the beautiful temples of Greece, was undoubtedly influenced by associations with the fanciful mythology of their countrymen, as fascinating as it was fanciful, but the wonderful works of their hands, were not the result of any such cold abstraction as is here supposed. Sir George Mackenzie’s remark would seem to imply that there are certain elementary rules, agreeably to which the Grecian artists framed and finished those surpassing structures that still enchant the world, and that their perceptions of the beautiful, were prompted and swayed by such rules. The reverse we apprehend to be the truth. The Greeks were the most imaginative peo-

ple upon earth, their achievements in literature and the arts, were the offspring of a fancy as brilliant as it seems to have been inspired, and so far were they from being guided by deductions upon scientific principles, that the fact seems to be, the latter were drawn and framed from the matchless creations of a genius, which, in architecture, at least, appears to have become extinct with that airy and elegant people. We have here confined the application of Sir George Mackenzie's remark, to the remains of Grecian art, but he says, 'the inventor of *any* style of architecture, felt certain proportions to be better calculated to excite pleasure than all others.' Now, with the five orders, so unequal in their kind, staring him in the face, to say nothing of the modern styles, we do not see how he could have allowed the remark to escape him. We trace in the gloomy and sombre character of the Gothic order, an association with the prevailing spirit and prejudices of the times; the inventor of this order, accordingly, felt, not that its proportions were 'better calculated to please than all others,' but simply that they were suited to the taste of a particular age. The Grecian artists consulted the national taste in the construction of their temples, and that taste was, beyond all others, refined and elegant.* The proportions and dimensions, not more than the polite ornaments of those exquisite remains, were undoubtedly the result, in part, of that effort at producing a correspondence between the appearance and the purpose of the forms to which they were assigned, which is sanctioned alone by good taste, and the analogies of nature. What a disparity, what a contrast between the genius of Greece and Rome! The Pantheon sinks, in comparison with the Parthenon, and the beautiful temple of Minerva at Iconium, remains, and must forever remain, 'unimitated and inimitable.'

Modelling and Sculpture.

Is not our country constantly developing the possession of every virtue and of every talent, which advanced the earlier

* The question is different with regard to the works of the Grecian Sculptors, they were the productions of individual and purely intellectual genius, for whose superiority we can account only by supposing, in the words of Mr Lawrence, 'a more ample development of the cerebral lobes,' and the possession of an 'extra inch of brain in the right place.'

ages, and which rendered Greece and Rome so peculiarly distinguished? and although these are not lauded and patronized at home (the talents we mean) as they were by the prelates, princes and others, of the days to which we refer, it may be ascribed to the fact that our country is, as yet, young in all branches of arts and science, requiring the opportunity afforded by leisure and patronage, to show them matured, and approaching the examples to which we have alluded. We may however, hope, that the efforts now making with so much zeal, by the enlightened in some portions of our land, to cultivate talents of almost every order, may rapidly improve the taste and the refinement of our people, so that they who labor and devote their talents, to add to the rays of their country's morning glory may enjoy the mid-day sun of fortune, and meet that superior reward, a just approval.

Of all the various branches of arts exercised in the United States, those of modelling in clay and sculpturing in marble, appear to have been less practised and consequently less known. So is the fact, that at this day, when vanity would swell the walls of the sanctuary, with lofty declarations of valor, renown, virtue and morals, which had no habitation in the wealthy dead; Italy or England, must the extraordinary monumental inscription furnish, to blazon forth the deeds said to have been done in the body.

Painting has made greater progress in finding a local habitation and a name, thereby rendering foreign aid unnecessary, and it will be admitted as but a just tribute to the talents already displayed in the art of painting, that placing Washington Alston in the advance, the artists of our country are equal to those of England or France at this time, and if their productions have not been as bold, or on so magnificent a scale as those produced in Europe, it is only owing to the want of similar calls, and similar (judiciously disposed of) public and private patronage which have been found necessary, even then, to call forth the best talents in every branch of art.

It is our design to make a remark or two on sculpture, but if we were now to attempt an account this branch of art, the most wonderful and imposing in its effects upon the feelings and judgment, to trace it to its origin and direct the reader to the time when and where there were found

most refinement, and constant displays of the most unaffected gusto, with liberal patronage; we should expect to have mouldering volumes furnished to instruct or direct our thoughts, (such has been the accumulation of foreign books:) but it is not our desire to instruct this community (when there are so many who are restrained by no rules, and search for themselves,) that the art of sculpture must have been known and practiced before the period when the laws *cut on stone*, were transmitted to the Israelites; nor to call up the recollections of those who delight in classic lore, to Greece, at one period the empire of the arts, and where the chisel of the highly gifted sculptor, aspired to a superiority over the works of the Egyptians, and whose works afterwards, not only became the spoils of the Romans, but formed the era of this branch of art in the renowned city.

It is, however, indisputably true, that with all the lights from books, and all the information obtained by travels, the arts of modelling and sculpturing are little known, particularly in our land; we may all claim to know the names of the great works of the great masters, whose names are imperishable, but we are generally uninformed as to the process, the labor, and the talent, by which the most imposing works in this branch of art were designed and finally wrought up, to the wonder and admiration of ages past, as well as the present. And yet we would not presume, thus generally to challenge the knowledge and practical taste, upon many other subjects or arts domestic, not absolutely known. There are few, who do not comprehend the culture of the grape, and all possess a *tolerable* share of the discriminating taste necessary, where there are such varieties, as well as difference of quality in the product:

Nor key, nor leathern thong
Escape, their keenness long.

So all comprehend much of the culture of the soil and the staples of the state, and many to whom fortune has been lavish, speak of them and the profits, with an intense interest, and a volubility untiring, at least to the speaker.

When, however, our love of beauty shall become as great as it was in Greece, when our ladies, like those of Lacedemon, shall be found to keep within their chambers the most beautiful specimens of sculpture; when refinement and a taste,

which may indeed claim distinction and mark superiority, shall become manifest, then, and not till then, will the talent which is as yet unknown in our country, become one of its chief ornaments, and materially aid the historian with almost imperishable forms, through which to transmit the great events of the republic, and the improvements of our day, to posterity.

In the variety of accounts given of the arts to which we would draw some attention, there is great variety in the descriptions, and the directions, are as various in relation to the materials and their preparation.

The sculptor, is necessarily obliged to copy the work placed before him, as by him designed or previously modelled. Modelling is usually effected in clay, or some substitute, as the primary work; this, however, may be but a work of imitation, as of some given subject to be copied. But it is through this process all the chief works of art, and from a model the chisel has gained so much celebrity, have first been produced. As for example, the modeller, designs to execute a head or bust, of some distinguished individual, with a view of making a cast thereof in Plaster of Paris, and then sculpturing the same in marble; he plants on a table, which may be arranged to turn easily before him, a quantity of the clay, prepared for his use; the individual to be studied, walks about the room, or sits, and exposes his neck or bust as may be required, and with the finger of the artist, aided by small wooden instrument, *applied only to the clay substitute*, all governed by the genius directing, the likeness at length comes, and when deemed sufficiently wrought up, it is then preserved by means of a mould of many pieces made upon it, with Plaster of Paris and casts so made from the mould, may be touched up and improved in the details, and from this head or cast, the sculptor proceeds to make his copy in marble, by the aid of rules and the use of callipers, by which he is enabled to copy the original in marble with mechanical accuracy; this very short and imperfect description, will clearly enough establish, that unless the modeller possesses all the talent necessary, the sculptor would not be able to perfect any work from his productions.

The art of modelling then may be understood to be the indispensable, the pre-

requisite, the very source and fountain of art, it is the talent thus exercised, which gives life and motion, as it were, to the insensible clay, and brings forth the creatures of the fancy to the wonder and admiration of the lovers of proportion. Without the modeller, Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus, would probably not have left behind them that wonder of the world, the Laocoon.

Simple as this process may appear, yet the instances are rare in the United States, where such genius has developed itself or essayed to give to our country any work, historical or of any other character which could call up much genuine, liberal commendation or touch the *secret hidden springs* of patronage and liberality.

When this talent shall become of value and be considered as shedding a lustre on our name, South Carolina must not be forgotten, as having given birth to a citizen, who amid every embarrassment and surrounded by every discouraging circumstance, yet resolutely persevered, to establish, that his State did possess *that talent*, which in the time of Michael Angelo, it was the pride of popes, prelates, dukes and others, to contend for the honor of sustaining and maturing.

The Art of Love.

While all the other arts have continued to flourish, it is somewhat remarkable, that the art of love should form a solitary exception. This is a truth the more surprising, when we reflect, that of all human passions, none so largely conduces to absorb the attention. The existence of such a fact, actually forms an anomaly in nature, utterly unaccountable: for heretofore, we conscientiously believed that 'practice made perfect.' But it would seem, that, instead of a perfectability in this art, as in every other, our expectations and hopes have been miserably thwarted by an inglorious retrograde, which from circumstances unpropitious enough, lead us to believe with other writers, that the age of chivalry has really gone by. To what cause we should attribute this effect, is difficult to determine, unless it be some defect in its very formation.

The occurrences of each day, recall to the mind, the sufferings of both sexes, while laboring under this incurable disorder; of their consumings and dyings away; evils, which certainly claim the humanity and redress of all philanthro-

pists. Every object which the human capacity can comprehend, every feeling and emotion of the heart has been modified and reduced to rule, and laws have been established upon them, which tend in a high degree, to meliorate those common propensities, which so vigorously grow up in the rugged constitution of man.

The question then, whether love is susceptible of being reduced to an art, is one both interesting and important; interesting, because it calls back to our mind its happiest and pleasantest moments; and important, because a remedy is laid before us, whereby we may laugh at such little perplexities, as the recollection is apt to elicit. From what we have heard, read and seen, reason would incline us to believe, that love was nothing less than an art. But then, recurring to what we ourselves suffered, to whole nights spent in planning snares for our objects, and after all, the chagrin brought on by their entire discomfiture, we begin seriously to think, that more is under the guidance of nature, than of art. Ovid, than whom, none understood this matter better, and who has laid down, some crude and very excellent advice for our use, seems himself, to doubt whether art is always applicable in such affairs. And so close are his works allied, to what we ourselves feel and think, that our readers will excuse us, should we substitute many of his ideas in place of our own. His first principles are laid down in the following expressive language.

Principio, quod amare velis, reperire labora,
Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
Proximus huic labor est, placitam exorare puellam;
Tertius, ut longo tempore ducet amor.
Hic modus; hæc nostro signabitur area curru
Hec erit admissa meta terenda rotâ.

He next proves, that the fair are liable to be ensnared; showing at the same time, that such conduct on our part, is nothing more than the *lex talionis*. He emphatically speaks of the theatre, as being the place best suited for the first expressions and glances of love. To this we perfectly concede; for we believe, that no one place ever opened to the lover a more ample field for the display of his passion. The many, who seem there to sympathize with our natural feelings, the expressions of grief, of melancholy, and of love. In fine, the whole incentives of passion, which develope

themselves in the persons of the drama, contribute collectively to lend the liveliest interest to the objects directly in view. We contend too, with our poet, that a soft smile (*dulcis risus*) has more frequently captured the fair one's heart, than any thing again. And an abject submission to their will, has been conducive of more real happiness to the fondling lover, than all the expostulations or hauteur of which he is capable, on declaration of this, Cicero goes far enough to say, '*etiam amor ex adpectu nascitur.*'

It is a fact, as widely established as love's own influence, that woman is a gynocrat. The very witchery of her eye, indeed, the whole expression of features, has made her that powerful being so skillfully represented by Zorobabel to the Median king.* Nor is this by any means, the only example of their unaccountable sway; a simple country girl, by her beauty, ruled the councils of Peter the Great; and even father Jove himself, descended in a shower of gold, that he might visit his fair dame from whose access he was otherwise precluded.

The miner, who labors all his life, to accumulate a small mass of riches, does not suffer the toils and indignities, which the lover is compelled to undergo, before he gains his jewel. The former may procure his crucible, in sure expectation of using it; but the latter never bespeaks his wedding clothes, before he has experienced, many a fretful hour and sleepless night. We have never heard of one lady, whose heart was gained, without much persuasion, and some apparent subjection. Tacitus, speaking of the sex, says, 'The love of power is their predominant passion, and in the exercise of it, they know no bounds.' This we suppose is partially true. And although, none are fonder of resorting to artful means, yet none are more unwilling to forgive it, when found in others. To them, we may well apply the line of Horace,

'Etiam nostris invidet questibus aures.'

But to exercise such power, as we ourselves are conscious of, is a principle inherent with the greater part of humanity, and it is one, moreover, which has the same unlimited influence with both the sexes. Over it, art and reason hold no precedence. That they may answer certain purposes, in clearing the way for what is to follow, none can be more wil-

ling to grant, than we are; but to suppose them capable, of serving all the ends pointed out by our poet, would be to involve ourselves in a mere sophism. Nature who is the first guide in all things, must have previously made the impression; after that, art might possibly profit and establish its precepts.

The greatest difficulty, however, remains yet unattained. How are such rules and precedents to be established? What might appear just and equitable to one man, might exhibit itself to the mind of another, in an entirely opposite way; for instance, Horace, in one of his most amorous creations, thus passionately exclaims of his mistress,

*'Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.'*

While Petrarch, no less, an enthusiast than himself, admires, with the utmost complacency, the '*parla con silentio*' of his own beautiful Laura. Nor is this the only diversity of opinion, that holds in the schools of love. Wherever one sect has established itself, there others immediately rise up in competition; and strange, however, as this fact may appear, this very competition is their life blood. For no sooner shall we have put upon the subject, its final and permanent decision, than like all other suits, it becomes unprofitable and uninteresting, to the advocates of either side. Its interest must arise from the zeal with which the debate is conducted, and to keep alive this zeal, we should never permit the closing of any day, to determine its issue.

To remedy this in-co-existence of the artizans, were we to propose a code, made up of the several different systems, that have existed, even that would fail, for like the common law, before we had near finished our compliment, other principles would perhaps suggest themselves, in a stronger light than any of the former. The whole art of love, then, may be learned in the prescription usually applied to a bad cold. 'The essence of time, and the balsam of patience.' Upon these two commandments, hang all the laws and the prophets. He who possesses these two qualities, together with some flattery, and an eminent degree of impudence, may rest assured, of being speedily initiated, into that state of society, of which none can speak in higher terms than we who are married. But from this, we would not wish to conclude, that the

* See Esdras Chap. iv.

study of the art is useless: far otherwise; we esteem it highly important and edifying, to every man. The lawyer who is about to solicit his suit, prepares himself, from all the written authority around him; although, he might have obtained the same ideas from the emanation of his own mind. The courtier should do the same. He should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, whatever bears relationship to his cause, regardless from whatsoever source it comes. And for this very reason, we would not discourage such efforts, as may, in any respect, contribute to the advancement of this art. So far indeed, has it been from our intentions, to derogate from this passion, that on the contrary, all which we have said, has been elicited purely with the view of suggesting a few of our remarks, favorable to the subject.

Of such importance were the laws of love considered with the ancients, that not unfrequently, were they seen holding the first station in their political transactions. Romulus and the old lawgiver of Athens, paid so nice an attention to the matter, as to give it the very first consideration in their jurisprudence.* Nothing less than this passion, has given the first impulse to talent, by evoking from the mind of the orator the loftiest views of nature, and from the song of the poet the truest feelings of the heart; for as Tasso has so feelingly expressed it:

‘———What’s the bard without his maid!

Light of his eyes, warmth of his blood;

The spring were but a desert shade:

And cheerful heaven a solitude!

In fine, one of the most accurate poets of antiquity, has made every thing in nature, to depend upon what he denominates true love.†

And impressed deeply with the truth of what we have said, we conclude by hoping, that some one more knowing than ourselves, in the present question, will favor us with something, better calculated to make straight our crooked paths, and clear from before us all the thorns which an angry mistress might throw in the way!

B.

* See Plutarch in vita, Rom. et Sol.

† ‘Tu Dea, tu rerum natura sola gubernas,
Nec sinete quiequam dias in suminis oras
Exoritu, neque fit latum, nec amabile quicquam.’
(Lucretius lib. i. v. xxii.)

‘Thou Deity by whom all nature swayed.
Without whose power nothing can spring to light
Or beautiful or lovely to the sight.’

(Creech’s trans. Lucret.)

Eliza: a Sketch.

To reflect on the feelings which animated us in youth, affords the most interesting sensations, long after the series of disappointed hopes and blasted fears have proved the futility of all human anticipations. Buoyed up by the elasticity of health and ambition, we contemplated life as the ‘arena’ wherein we should be engaged in the search after private happiness and public glory, and relying, with vain confidence, on our intellectual and corporeal vigor, expected perfect success to result from every effort. But the progress of events proves how erroneous was our estimate; we experience a train of disasters; disease perhaps subdues us; and even if life is preserved, destroys our powers of fruition and capability of improvement, and we are too soon convinced of the melancholy truth that ‘man was made to mourn!’

Reflections, such as these, recur to my mind, when I take a retrospect of the history of my youth, for they recall the person, character and premature decease of a being once transcendently dear to me. It was at the age of seventeen I became acquainted with Eliza, the only child of a learned, wealthy and respectable father, who spared neither expense nor effort for the cultivation of the understanding and the development of the best moral principles. A fortuitous circumstance introduced us to each other. She possessed a brilliant black eye of peculiar intelligence, a beautiful face, but why dilate on trifles? Forgetting the possession of wealth, the grand attraction of the mere worldling, I was entranced by her powers of mind and sweetness of disposition; in short I loved her: my youth, imperfect education and mediocrity of circumstances rendered the consummation of my hopes for a succession of years manifestly impossible, but dreading the anticipation of some more powerful rival, I ‘seized once a pliant hour,’ and with the characteristic candor of adolescence, confessed the impression made by her many excellencies. I owned that for the completion of my education, I must be for some time separated from her, and would also esteem it my duty to attain the means of support before I could ask the felicity of her hand; I wished not to impose on her any obligations, for as her happiness was transcendently dear to me, I would strive to resign myself to my sad fate should the prospect of greater felicity

with some more gifted youth present itself; and requested her to consult her father before making a definite reply.

After the lapse of a few hours, she stated that her father and herself agreed in the fact of my premature youth, but that my correct moral deportment and application to my studies had gained their warmest approbation, and her sincere regard; and that I was permitted to hope.

The period soon after arrived when I, about to depart for a distant college, called to bid her *farewell*! For me to describe my feelings at parting, would be a vain effort. (I am forced to borrow the language of poetry to express the intensity of my feelings.) Our reciprocal watchword in every circumstance of difficulty and distress was—*hope*.

To advance in my narration: I joined one of the higher classes at college, and by dint of study maintained a respectable standing. Having every thing to hope for, I was not indolent; often at the midnight hour have I been engaged in clambering up the steep of knowledge, when without my room no light was visible, save the pale ray of the moon, or the flickering lamp of some fellow votary of science! every ambitious effort sprung from the desire of my Eliza's approval, and whenever some juvenile competition with my fellow collegians had terminated in my favor, my feeling prompted me to exclaim in the language of the poet,

Oh! my loved mistress, whose enchantments still,
Are with me, round me, wander where I will,
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory, to light up thy cheek
With warm approval; in thy gentle look
To read my praise as in an angel's book
And think all toils rewarded when from thee,
I gain one smile, worth immortality!

Months rapidly passed, and the time of my return to my native city approached; to it, I looked forward with intense anxiety, for, although repeatedly informed of the welfare of my family, some recent accounts had brought the distressing intelligence of the declining health of Eliza.

After passing through the ordinary forms of a college examination, I once more turned my face homeward and commenced the tedious labor of travelling the sand-hills, forests and swamps of Carolina; inspired by '*hope*,' fatigue, danger and every other obstacle which interposed, were all merged in the prospect of approaching bliss, minutes seemed ex-

tended to hours, and the journey appeared interminable, but the long anticipated period at length approached, I perceived the refreshing coolness of the Atlantic breeze, and on turning an angle of woodland, discovered the snowy ripples on the bosom of the Ashley; the team-boat hastening to obey the summons of the stage-trumpet, to the weary traveller the most cheering of sounds; and in the vista glittered in all the gorgeous brilliancy of a declining sun the blest city of my nativity! The spot where I then thought, alas, how soon was my opinion to be reversed, I could never be unhappy! Methought I could, like Leander, have plunged into the waves to be sooner united to all who were dear to me. Forgetful of the deadly vapors generated around, like Caledonia's bard, my heart ejaculated

'Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!'

But these dreams of bliss were soon to be converted into a sad reality. I was received, it is true, with joy by my parents and friends, but the dearest of friends was laid low, ere long, to be no more. I hastened to her, her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, but it was the characteristic brightness of advanced pulmonary consumption; her cheek wore a ruddy tinge, but it was the flush of hectic, her form once so beautiful in its proportions was now attenuated by disease, her voice reduced to whispers; grasping her hand, I enquired if she knew me; she faintly responded 'Oh yes, may you be happy,' and expired. To have my fondest prospects thus, forever blasted, was almost as much as my reason could bear. Years have since passed, genius, beauty, wealth and virtue have I seen in others, but my model of female perfection has been destroyed with Eliza.

Among the numerous attractions of life, none have any cheering influence on me, although still below middle-age. I am, without the crime, doomed to the punishment of the first fratricide, to be a fugitive on earth and when I sojourn at night in a strange household, know not and care not in what spot the next will find me: my frame is worn out by premature decay, and I look forward with solicitude to the moment, when, having been emancipated from my distress, my mortal part shall slumber with Eliza, beneath the clods of the valley.

Letters in America.

There are few, if any, inducements to authorship in America. Neither fame, nor profit result from the pursuit. Without a writer consents to minister to the public taste, ruined by the English Press, in the manner of Scott or Cooper, models, for the proper study of which, he is most commonly unfitted, his bookseller will be terribly in *arriere* at the close of the season. This fact has produced the multitudinous trash, denominated Novels and Romances, with which the American Press, for the last five years has been inundated. And from the apathy and indifference, which of late has greeted the publication of any new works of this class, it may be inferred that the very vitiation of taste, which created the demand, has from the large quantities produced, been absolutely palled and sickened, and a reaction is the necessary consequence. Some hope is left for nature and simplicity. We will not much longer be fatigued with dull and incongruous mixtures of character, nor be perpetually inflicted upon with a heterogeneous mass of absurdities in the shape of fashionable or romantic dialogue. Norna's of the fitful head, will be put where they deserve to be, in the mad-house; and David Gamut's will be sent to the plough and harrow.

While we complain, however, of the encouragement afforded by the American people to a vitiated taste in literary matters, we have no more reason to murmur than we have to wonder at that which is afforded to the progress of letters, generally, in our country. We have it on the authority of an American writer of some celebrity, that the Messieurs Carey and Lea, (the most intelligent and respectable booksellers and publishers we have, and who have mainly contributed to the growth of our Literary character, as a people (humble, as that may be,) by their liberality and patronage,) have asserted, that with the exception of one or two, whose names were given, *no work of American origin will pay its expenses, unless previously well spoken of in some of the British Journals or Reviews.* Will our fellow citizens dare pretend to Independence after this? How can we presume to say that we have shaken off our national vassalage, when this most dishonorable and degrading badge of servitude is hung about us, when we dare not presume to venture an opinion of our own, until we

have received the sanction of our former masters. It is idle to trifle any longer with the truth. The force of this fact can no more be misunderstood, than it can be denied. With its knowledge, let us have no more boasts of our national character until we can set at issue the cruel and humiliating asseveration in full. We are rich in natural and acquired resources, we are accustomed to boast of, but we neither make use of nor improve them. Our newspaper editors do not hesitate to tell us, that we are a very wonderful people; the greatest under the sun, and we are credulous enough and vain enough, readily to believe all they tell us.

We can never be great or independent until we have shaken off every trace of foreign bondage; until the free exercise of opinion, independent of a slavish concurrence with that of other nations, shall become as much the insignia of the American people, as the star spangled banner, or the Declaration of our National Rights. We cannot claim to be free, because we have not actually chains upon our wrists and ankles, and collars of iron about our necks; the fetters of mental inferiority, which, as a people, we are seemingly content to wear, and which our ancient masters are very willing to keep upon us, are more degrading than any other; they admit us to the sight of the land of promise, but deny us the full possession and enjoyment of it. Some noble strides have been already taken at the North; to do ourselves justice, the South must also gird herself forth for the struggle. Let it be a principal part in the education of our children. The free exercise of their own opinions is the noblest lesson that they can learn. It should be a daily moral, they should have it rung in their ears, as the Persian Monarch was taught to hear the great and thrilling truth daily, 'Remember thou art to die!' so should we teach the boy who is to become a freeman, 'Remember thou hast to live!' no man can be said to live who does not think for himself, whose thought and will are regulated by others. The free exercise of their own opinions is the noblest lesson that can be taught those men who look forward to have 'a name, and a glory, and a star place on the earth.'

St. James's Palace.

The entrance to St James's is through Cleveland Row. under an arched gate-